

Jung's

Jousthouse. Silver. Thirty-six. The proprietor: a monk by monks spent. Children scavenging corpses. They won't be shooed away. No respect. Exit to:

Reich's

Ribhouse. White. Twenty-nine. The proprietor: a monk cancelled. Paper & pen, ready to have the last say, the pen ever so gently removed from your fingers by a smiling nurse. It's time for bed. Sweet dreams.

WHAT UNCLE FLORINE SAID

"Long live," said Uncle Florine, "the citizens of Sam " while a beggar was clothed by a populace, weighed down by clothes, crushed by clothes that Charity gave.

"Sound," said Uncle Florine, "the brownbaggers out" who have lost their notions in a chapel where Insolence came to apologize for little Miss Molly of Lacemakers Lane who knew no pride before a lamb.

"Brides," said Uncle Florine, "function best if left unsniffed," a problem this of class privilege in a parlour the colour of tongues, Mussolini out on a balcony baring his chest to a mob of grooms.

"How exquisite," said Uncle Florine, "this mouth" that as it spoke was classified as objectionable memorabilia & carried out

to the incinerator, tossed in
with the hair & teeth.

“The trappings,” said Uncle Florine,
“of diligence” while border guards rummaged
through a recital by one of the stalwarts
of the Berlin Opera — *Bitte, bend over*
& *spread your cheeks*.

“On cue,” said Uncle Florine,
“we’ll all eat together,” mouthful by mouthful
until we’re bursting with a conceit
of a metaphysical nature — church bell
as black hole & we
the clappers therein.

“This dollar,” said Uncle Florine,
“is ridiculous,” that having passed through the hands
of seven monks it now lies, torn & filthy,
on an altar desecrated by Duncan, the deacon’s
idiot son.

“That’s enough,” said Uncle Florine,
“of town” so we went
to country, to seed like soldiers machine-gunned
on a Normandy beach, dog tags sent home
to the wife & kids — *His death*
was honourable, as was
Uncle Florine’s.

